Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended Game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page, All haile the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe
Not to beholde.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne-beamed eyes,
With your Sunne-beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epithite,
You were beſt call it daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.

Boy. Shee ſayes you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſur'd many a mil
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie told.
Boy. If to come hither you haue meaſur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt,
Vouchſafe to ſhew the Sunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe bright moone, and theſe thy ſtars to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds remoued) vpon our watrie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one chang
Thou bid'ſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play muſicke then, nay you muſt doe it ſoone
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtran
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now ſhe's cha
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.
Roſa. The muſicke playes, vouchſafe ſome motio
Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come heere by chan
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.